



Chickamauga.
BY CAPT. F. A. MITCHELL, U.S.A.
AUTHOR OF "CHATTANOOGA" ETC.

Rising in her seat and concentrating all her strength in one effort, she brought her whip down on the horse's back, at the same time holding him in the center of the road by the reins. The man was knocked in one direction, stunned, and his musket went flying in the other. And now each one of the chain of sentries through which the fair dispatch carrier's horse dragged her and her stately buggy with a series of lunge, hearing shots, the cries of guards, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the rattling of wheels, and seeing something coming through the darkness as Miss Baggs approached, shouted "Halt!" "Turn out the guard!" "Who comes there?" and a score of other similar cries, to none of which Miss Baggs paid any other attention than to fly through and from them as from the hand of death. A score of shots were fired at her along half a mile of road while she was running the gantlet.

And now the last sentry is passed, and the woman shoots out from between the rows of white tents into a free road ahead. The noises are left behind. But amid the confusion of distant sounds is one which, coming with a low, continued rattle, strikes terror into her heart. A familiarity with war has taught her its call. She hears the beating of the "long roll." The whole camp is aroused. A legion of Yankees may soon be in pursuit.

Corporal Ratigan was stopped by every sentinel who had tried to check Miss Baggs. After an explanation to each he was suffered to go on. The men who stopped him transmitted the information at once to the guard tent that some one—doubtless an enemy—was being chased. The force was a division of infantry, with no cavalry except a mounted escort to the general commanding. Some of those were ordered in pursuit. There was a hurried saddling of horses, sprinkled with oats at the delays encountered, and three cavalrymen mounted and dashed after Miss Baggs and her pursuer. But before they started a couple of miles had been placed between her and the camps.

The gray of the morning was by this time beginning to reveal objects with greater distinctness. Ratigan, coming to a rise in the ground just beyond the camps, saw the buggy about two miles ahead swaying like the dark hull of a ship rolling through the billows of an ocean. For a moment he hesitated between his duty as a soldier and that quick, sharp something, be it love, bewitchment or a natural sympathy for man for weaker woman, while heads of cold perspiration stood on his forehead. It seemed to him that if he should do his duty he would be acting the part of an executioner, not only that, but the



RATIGAN ADDRESSES THE COURT.

executioner of a woman—a woman whose image had got into his heart and his head and never left him a moment's peace since she first threw the spell of her entrancing personality about him. It was a hard struggle, and from the nature of the case could not be a long one. Duty won. He shouted to his horse, gave him a dig with both spurs and dashed forward.

There was a depression in the ground down which the corporal plunged. Then the road ran along a level for awhile, with another slight rise beyond. As he rode down the declivity the fugitive was on the crest of the second rise. She stood up and turned to catch a glance behind her. She saw a horseman—she was too far to recognize the corporal—dashing after her. Below her was a wooded space, and she noticed that which gave her a glimmer of hope. The road forked. Urging her horse onward, she aimed to get on one of the two roads beyond the fork while her pursuer was in the hollow back of her, trusting that she might escape, as she had escaped before, by forcing him to choose between two roads, and trusting that he might take the wrong one.

Down the declivity her race plunged while Ratigan was galloping down the one behind her. So steep was the road and so swift her horse's pace that the danger of death by mangling seemed greater than death by hanging. She reached the bottom, where the road ran level to the fork and the wood. Hope urged her. It was not 100 yards to the point she was so anxious to reach.

Passing over a rut at the very fork of the road that seemed her only chance for escape, the old buggy gave a dismal groan, as much in sympathy with the mistress it had served so well as a death rattle, and flew into a hundred pieces.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGED ENEMY.

Corporal Ratigan had been worked up to such a fever of excitement by the chase and his complicated feelings to

ward the object of it that when he shot over the rise in the ground that hid the fugitive from his view his visage was distorted from the expression of good nature usually stamped upon it to one which can only be called demonic. His eyes were wild, that portion of his hair which extended below his forehead

cap seemed to glow with unusual redness, his body leaned forward like a jockey in a race, the whole forming a picture of eager ferocity. In short, Corporal Ratigan resembled an escaped lunatic chasing a flying fiend who had been torturing him.

On the crest of the second rise he strained his eyes after Miss Baggs. Nothing appeared to denote her presence on the landscape except a horse in harness, which he dragged in the dust, trotting back toward a heap of rubbish on the road. A sudden dread took possession of the corporal. It was plainly evident there had been an accident. He had been chasing a Confederate telegraph stealer that he might turn her over to the military authorities of his own army to be hanged, and now he was suddenly plunged into terror for fear she had been killed. He went on, but with a new object distinct in his mind. It was not to injure Miss Baggs, but to succeed her.

He soon came to the heap of splinters and iron which marked the point of collapse of Miss Baggs' buggy. Miss Baggs was not visible. Had she taken to the wood beyond the fork of the road? For a moment there was a delightful sense of relief, but it was soon followed by the animal instinct of the savage chasing an object of prey. Stimulated by this, or a return of a sense of duty, or both, he was about to ride into the wood, when, looking down on the long grass by the roadside, he descried the unconscious body, the face apparently white in death, of the woman he sought.

In a moment the corporal was off his horse and on his knees beside her. The horse in which he had been so eager and the cause were both forgotten on seeing Miss Baggs lying apparently cold in death at his feet.

"Darlin, are ye hurt?" There was agony in the corporal's voice. He put an arm under her head to raise it. With the other he grasped her hand.

"To the devil's own keepin with the war anyway. What's it good for except to injure innocent women and children?"

In that nonresistance of unconsciousness he forgot that this woman had been engaged in what the world condemns openly, if not secretly, as illegitimate warfare. To him she was innocent, not that he reasoned upon her acts, but he

cause a mysterious something—a breath from spirit land—had made her more to him than all the world beside. He laid his head down upon her breast to listen if the heart beat; he chafed her hands and arms; he took off his cap and fanned her. Still she lay limp in his arms without a sign of life.

"Come back, if it's only long enough to tell me ye forgive me for me cowardly chasin' ye. Oi've killed ye. Oi know it. Oi wish some one would run a bayonet through me own rotten heart."

A slight murmur, something like a groan, escaped her.

"Praise God, there's life! If it'd only grow stronger! Ah, thank heaven, there's water!"

Laying her head down in the grass, he went to the side of the road where there was a runnel of clear water. Scooping some of it in his two hands, he threw it in her face.

She opened her eyes.

down a woman like a hare? Don't talk to me of duty. If ye suffer for this, Oi'll desert and go back to Oireland, and God be praised if he'll send a storm to sink the ship and me in it. There's a drop in me canister—a drop of whisky. Will ye take it, darlin? I mean—I don't know what I'm talkin about. Let me put it to yer lips. Take a swallow. It'll revive ye. No? She appeared to be passing back to unconsciousness. "Take it for me sake, sweetheart. Only take a good swallow, and ye'll be righted."

She opened her eyes. Evidently she had heard. There was an expression on her face indicating that his words had produced that effect upon her which might be expected in a woman who hears a strong man, unconsciously and unintentionally, declaring his love.

"Why do you wish me to live, Rat? Don't let me live. If you do, I'll die on the gibbet."

"Oh, darlin, don't," she moaned, "don't be talkin that way. Oi'll die myself first. Oi'll raise a wulfin. Oi'll!"

He could not go on. His words mocked him. He well knew their fatality. "Take a drop, sweetheart—only a drop for me sake."

What a change from the day he had jokingly asked her to take an oath for "me sake!"

"For your sake, Rat. Give it to me."

He put the neck of a battered tin canister to her lips, and she drank a little of the liquid. It produced a beneficial change at once. A tinge of color came to her cheeks, and she looked more easily.

A clattering of horses' hoofs, a clanking of sabers, mounted figures standing out against the morning sky on the crest behind them, and three cavalrymen are dashing on to where lies Miss Baggs and kneels the corporal.

"Promise me, Rat, that you will do nothing foolish," she asked pleadingly. "O God! Oi'm going to draw me revolver on 'em."

"I can't."

"For me sake, Rat."

The faintest trace of a smile, despite her desperate situation, passed over her face as she initiated the corporal's pronunciation. The quaint humor, mingled with so many singular traits prominent in her that could show itself as so critical a moment, touched a responsive Irish chord in his Irish heart and brought him to tears.

"For your sake, darlin, Oi'll do it," he said in a despairing voice.

There was scarcely time for him to speak the words—indeed they were whispered with his lips touching her ear—when the three cavalrymen rode up to where the two were.

"What's it all about, corporal?" asked one of them.

"I found this lady—lyin here. Her buggy is broken. She is badly hurt." The corporal spoke the words haltingly, and drops of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Who is she?"

"Well, that's to be found out some other time. One of ye'd better ride back for an ambulance and a surgeon."

"Never mind the surgeon," said Miss Baggs faintly.

"Well, bring the ambulance anyway," said Ratigan. "Ye can all go back if ye like. Oi'll stay with her. She's me own prisoner."

"There's no need of all going," said the man who had spoken. "I'll go myself."

He turned and rode away, while the others dismounted and threw the reins of their bridles over a fence rail. One of them caught Bobby Lee, who was cropping the grass nearby, occasionally looking up as though suspicious that something had happened. The men loitered about, now and then approaching to take a look at the prisoner, but soon turning away again, quite willing to be free from the responsibility which Corporal Ratigan seemed disposed to take upon himself.

"Rat," said Miss Baggs, who was now rapidly recovering strength and composure, "it will not be long before I shall be separated from you. Before then I wish to thank you for the kindness, the interest, even the tenderness, with which you have treated a fallen enemy. And I wish to ask your forgiveness for the deception I practiced on you once when you were deputed to see me through the lines."

"What was that compared with what Oi've done?" he moaned.

"Do you forgive me?"

"Oi do. But Oi've nothin to forgive."

"And, Rat, you have unconsciously let me know that you—you feel more kindly toward me than—"

"dratful way. I can't bear it!" The two cavalrymen's backs were turned. They were striding toward the woods. Ratigan put his arms about her, and both yielded to a long embrace. There were no more words spoken. Words would have added nothing to what both felt. There was more pain and more pleasure concentrated in the bosom of each than had been there in all the years they had lived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is different from all other cough remedies. It cures by allaying the inflammation and giving tone, strength, vigor and vitality to the respiratory organs. Guaranteed and for sale by Short & Haynes, Gloverport; Dr. R. H. McMullin, McDaniels; M. Meyer & Co., Buras; Geo. Heyser, Constantine; A. Taylor, Rosetta; Drury, Bennett & Co., Bewleyville, Ky.; W. E. Brown, Irvington, Ky.; Jno. P. Nichols, Garfield, Ky.; A. R. Morris, Big Spring, Ky.

Report of Cloverport Public School for the Month Ending March 8, 1895.

Number girls enrolled..... 111
Number boys enrolled..... 92
Whole number pupils enrolled..... 203
Average daily attendance..... 182
Average daily absence..... 8
Per cent of attendance..... 96
Number cases tardiness..... 33
Number of visitors..... 17

HALL OF HONOR.

High School Department.
Third year.—Mabel Carson, Stella Mullein, Maxie Bandy.

Second year.—Mamie DeHaven, Loretta May, Rosa Ryan, Margaret Skillman, Ernest Boyd, Hovious Behen, Harry Hamman, Wallie Lishen, Willie Mullen, Albert Solbrig.

First year.—Lena Hamman, Jane Hambleton, Annie Hambleton, Margaret Howard, Minnie Oglesby, Kenneth Ferry, Fozzo Kingsbury, Rob't. Witt.

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Sixth Grade.—Mary Jarboe, Adelia Moorman, Eliza May, Nellie Gregory, Delia Batt, Ellie Swagott, Stella McGavock, Eunice Crosson, Carrie Graham, Bertie McGavock, Stella Weatherholt, Mary Dean, Ella Popham, Maggie Lewis, Shelby Conrad, Moorman Willis, Joe Fallon, James Logan, Lafa Behen.

Fifth Grade.—Muriel Gregory, Gracie Plank, Edith Heron, Lella Daniel, Irene Jarboe, Ida Hampton, Ruth Haynes, David May, Chas. Berry, Chas. Zirkle, Edmund Wroe, Warfield Collins, Ira Behen.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Fourth grade.—Chas. Laifeist, David Murray, Hovious Rafferty, James Younger, Wavy Sampley, Mary Farber, Edna Jarboe, Sallie Swagott, Mand Witt, Cleona Weatherholt, Katie Yeager.
Third grade.—Lucy Dean, Clara Dyer, Leslie Newton, Maggie Wroe, Carl Gregory, Wardsa Graham, Jesse Moorman, John Newton.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Second year.—Rolla Fallon, Annie Jarboe, Leonard Gregory.

First grade.—Maggie Burn, Carrie Gregory, George Boyd, Bertha Beavin, Thomas Ferry, Lee Leslie.

Primary Grade.—Margaret Moorman, Mattie Willis, Wade Witt, Eddie Lishen, Paul Lewis, Hattie Leslie, Hubert McGavock, John Hiatt, Myrtle Cunningham.

At the close of each term the standing of pupils is made from the class record and examination.

Honorable mention is made of those who made the highest per cent in their respective grades. Following are the names, viz:

Third year—High School, Mabel Carson.
Second year—High School, Pearl Perigo, Bessie Jarboe.

First year—Janie Hambleton.
Sixth Grade—Stella and Bertie McGavock.

Fifth Grade—Ira Behen.
Fourth Grade—Hovious Rafferty.

Third Grade—Clara Dyer.
Second Grade—Anna Bell Boyd.

First Grade—Katie Moorman, Maggie Burn.

Primary Grade—Wade Witt.
Parents are respectfully invited to visit the school as often as convenient.

If at any time, they should find that their children are overtaxed, or not sufficiently employed, they are requested to confer with the teacher.

JAMES H. LOGAN, Supt.

Some folks will think that Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is no better than the common cough remedies until they try it. Then they will know for themselves that it's the best on earth. For sale by Short & Haynes, Gloverport; Dr. R. H. McMullin, McDaniels; M. Meyer & Co., Buras; Geo. Heyser, Constantine; A. Taylor, Rosetta; Drury, Bennett & Co., Bewleyville, Ky.; W. E. Brown, Irvington, Ky.; Jno. P. Nichols, Garfield, Ky.; A. R. Morris, Big Spring, Ky.

HONEYLOCUST.
Miss Luit McGavock anticipates going to Birmingham, Alabama, soon.

One of our young men says the attraction for him now is in Holt's bottom. Bro. Pettie will preach at the McGavock school house the fifth Sunday in March.

Mora Galloway, who we thought would leave this spring, will be with us a while longer as he has rented father's farm for this year.

The farmers in this community are burning plant beds and breaking corn ground. That's right farmers it's time you are wide awake about your farm work.

Mrs. Wm. Galloway, accompanied by her two little sons, Ernest and Pain, went to Irvington Friday to spend a few days with her son, John Galloway. Her little son, Ernest, takes the train Sunday for Adolphus where he will spend the summer with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Redman.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

NEWSPAPERS AND TWINE.

Some Practical Advice Regarding Their Best Uses.

Wrapping paper, old newspapers and the various useless odds and ends that collect about a kitchen are an awful nuisance. If you put them in the fire it smudges it out; if you throw them in the ash barrel it soon fills it up; if you have no particular place to put them they get around under foot and annoy you that way. All good, smooth brown paper should be neatly folded up and laid on a shelf in a place set apart for it. It never comes amiss to have it about. You want it for lunches, to send away packages, to do up laundry in; you want it for a dozen things, and probably never have a clean piece at hand. The paper bags should always be put away in the same manner. It is a small economy, but saves a great deal of time when you want either.

The twine that comes around the packages should be made up in a ball and kept in a tin box or basket hung high out of the reach of small hands, yet handy to run to when you want a bit of cord. For the useless odds and ends make a bag out of cheap print or piece out of pretty scraps and line it so that it will be strong. One as large as a common floor sack will not be too large. Gather it at the bottom and fasten with a bow of cambric, and at the top make a wide hem into which put a thick wire or a small hoop. Hang this in a corner of the kitchen out of the way and throw into it all the bits of paper, cloth and trash of that character. When the bag is full roll the contents in a big newspaper and tie with a string and pile up in the coal-house till you have the ashes carted away, and then it can be carried away without trouble or extra cost. You can have a half dozen such bundles and not notice the room they take up.

GENTLEMEN.—Mr. Will Skillman has had sore eyes for years. He has tried many doctors and remedies, and has always failed to get relief until we sold him a tube of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve, which cured him inside of one week. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey sells well and cures. Respectfully,

M. MEYER & CO.,
Buras, Ky.
Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve has done a great deal more for me than can be told by pen.
W. H. SKILLMAN,
Buras, Ky.

RHODELIA.

Plenty of rain and mud at present. Miss Ellen Wathen, of Concordia, is visiting Mrs. Gabe O'Bryan.

Mr. Henry Elder and family, of Garrett, have lately moved to Sarghio. Miss Annie Dutschke and brother, Gabe, attended church at Flint Island Sunday.

Misses Martha Barr and Addie Galey visited Mr. George O'Bryan's family Sunday night.

Mrs. John Ray and daughter, Eva, spent Tuesday evening with Mrs. Gabe O'Bryan.

Miss Emma Manning, of Mooleyville, visited her cousin, Miss Lucy Burch, last week.

Charlie Hayden, Jr., has lately gone to Daviess county. O my! what sad news for some of our fair beauties.

Died, at her father's, Mr. Dutch Wathen, near Andyville, Mrs. Maggie Watts, after a long illness of consumption.

Mr. Will Milam and son, Hal, have lately located on a farm near Shioh commonly called the "rabbit track."

Mr. Pius Fackler, of Paynesville, attended church at Flint Island the 3rd and was the guest of Miss Martha Barr in the afternoon.

We think it a splendid joke on Mr. Severs to let a country "green horn" (as he calls them) get away with him so nicely. Hurrah! for the "green horn."

Miss Maggie Hardesty and brother, Nick, of Paynesville, and Messrs. Roland and Charlie Elder, of Mooleyville, were the guests of Mr. Sam Hardesty's family Sunday night.

Emmett Elder has returned from his visit near Vine Grove and reports seeing more pretty girls than he ever saw before in all his life, but I think if he had spoken the truth he would have said boys in place of girls.

Died, near Shioh, Mrs. Elizabeth Claycomb, aged eighty-five years, after a long and patient illness, calmly and peacefully passed away March 11. She leaves quite a number of children, grand and great grand children to mourn her loss. Her earthly remains were interred in the old family cemetery, known as the Hasfield graveyard, where she has a loving husband and several children long since laid to rest. We most heartily sympathize with her bereaved children. May she rest in peace in the wish of a young friend.

"I hear that your friend X has gone South. Was it upon his physician's advice?" "No; his lawyer's."

**Delicate
Or
Debilitated Women
SHOULD USE
BRADFIELD'S
Female Regulator.**
Every ingredient possesses superb tonic properties, and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system by driving through the proper channel all impurities. Health and strength are guaranteed to result from its use.
My wife, who was bedridden for sixteen months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months, is making well.
Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle.
BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

UNION STAR.

Mrs. G. R. Cox spent the day with her mother, Mrs. Roberts one day last week. Mrs. Sarah E. West, of Louisville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Cox this week.

Teacher's Meeting met at Miss Melissa Cashman's last Wednesday night with good attendance.

Mr. A. Haynes and his daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, paid his grand-mother a morning call this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Roberts, of Robert's Bottom, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Milner Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barger were in town Saturday preparing for house-keeping. May their lives be long and happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beard and little daughter, Mary Franklin visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Richardson Sunday.

Quite a number attended the funeral of Miss Susie Wheeler Sunday. Brother William English delivered quite an interesting talk.

Mrs. Charles W. Stewart was buried at Union Star Thursday 7. Quite a large crowd attended although it was a very unfavorable day.

Little Mamie Jolly and her mother, Mrs. Mollie Jolly visited friends a few days at Stephensport last week. Both enjoyed themselves very much as it was once their home.

We are waiting and watching for Brother Winfrey to move to our little town. We will welcome him to our Sunday School and also to our Teacher's Meeting and prayer-meeting.

Miss Susie Wheeler died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Bettie Vandergriff Saturday. The funeral occurred Sunday at 11 o'clock and the remains were interred on her father's old home place.

On the 21st of February, the sad news reached our town that Miss Jennie Lee West had died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sarah E. West, Louisville, Ky. The funeral took place at the Cathedral with solemn high mass. Interment St. Louis cemetery.

A new theory in the treatment of coughs, lung and bronchial affections has been advanced by the manufacturers of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It is truly a wonderful remedy. All dealers sell it on a positive guarantee. For sale by Short & Haynes, Gloverport; Dr. R. H. McMullin, McDaniels; M. Meyer & Co., Buras; Geo. Heyser, Constantine; A. Taylor, Rosetta; Drury, Bennett & Co., Bewleyville, Ky.; W. E. Brown, Irvington, Ky.; Jno. P. Nichols, Garfield, Ky.; A. R. Morris, Big Spring, Ky.

ROCK HAVEN.

Mrs. Jane Lemastus has moved to town.

Harrel's bridge gang are here at work. John Allen, of Louisville, is here working with the bridge gang.

The bridge carpenters are boarding with Mrs. Haynes near Otter creek.

Len Lamb, of Louisville, is visiting his parents near this place.

Funnygrams.

A woman's smiles will sometimes move a crowd of men sooner than will the cluts of six big policemen.

Judge—"What made you turn burglar?"
Tramp—"I am so fat that people refused to give me food."

In the police court—"Prisoner, did you commit this burglary alone?" "No, your honor; 'twas done with the gracious co-operation of a few friends."

"Blinks has got one of those talking machines."

"A phonograph?"

"No; a wife."

"Jack," said mamma, "run into the parlor and see whether your father is asleep or not." "Not quite," exclaimed Jack, on his return. "He is all asleep but his nose."

Jimmie—"Papa, why is this called a fountain pen?"

Papa—"Probably because it produces a wonderful flow of language when it is used."

Theolo—"Don't you think there will be any punishment hereafter for a man who commits bigamy?"

Diablo—"Of course I do. Both his wives will be there at the same time."

Fannie—"Why do you people always apply the name of 'abe' to a city?"

George—"I don't know. Why is it?"

Fannie—"Because every city has outskirts."

Wiggs (quoting)—There's nothing like leather, you know, old boy.

Wagga—"Isn't there, though? You never saw any of the pie crust that our new hired girl turns out."

Smith—"Does your boy seem to take to anything in particular, Mr. Jones?"

Jones—"Yes; he takes to his heels whenever there's anything to be done."

Flora—"I don't always do unto others as I'd have others do unto me."

Clara—"Of course not. It isn't a girl's place to propose to a man."

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.
Have you Renewed your Subscription for 1905.

LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORTS

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LOUISVILLE, KY., March 19, 1895.
Shippers should mark all packages plainly, with shipper's name and post-office address.

BUTTER.
Choice, country..... 10 @ 12
Medium..... 6 @ 8
Creamery..... 7 @ 9